

A NEW NARRATIVE OF THE OLD PLOT.

A SONG: To the Tune of *Russels Farewel.*

I.
WHEN Traytors did at *Popery* rail,
because it taught Confession,
When Bankrupts bawld for Property,
and Bastards for Succession:
When *Tony* durst espouse the Cause,
spight of his Pox and Gout,
When speaking *Williams* purg'd the House
by spewing Members out.

II.
When *Hunt* a *Twisfort* Pamphlet wrote,
the Emblem of his Soul,
When *Oats* swore whom he pleas'd in's *Plot*
and reign'd without controul:
When *L——ce* Lampoon'd the Court,
and Libel'd Cats and Dogs,
When Witnesses like *Mushrooms* sprung,
out of the *Irish* Boggs.

III.
Then *Perkin* thought 'twas time to prove,
his claim to *Kingship Fair*,
And saith 'tis fit the Peoples Son,
should be the Peoples Heir:
So fill'd with Zeal he and his Knight,
Carrels'd and Court the Rout,
And my Lord Duke goes up and down,
to shew his Grace about.

IV.
Tho' *F——d* Lord *G——y* would not engage,
upon that idle score,
For he would have a *Common Wealth*,
as well as *Common Whore*:
He envy'd his Old Friend a *Crown*,
but why I can't devise,
For's Grace had grac'd his Lordships head,
with Horns of Noble size.

V.
Likewise his Patron Zeal grew high,
th' Exclusion to advance,
And the Right Heir must be debar'd,
for fear of *Rome* and *France*:
The Zealous Commons then resolv'd,
and they knew what they did,
By whomsoever King should fall,
the Papists Throats should bleed.

VI.
So murth'ring Poniards oft are slipt,
into a Guiltless Hand;
And Innocence is sacrific'd,
whilst Malefactors stand;
By Hells assistance then they fram'd
their damn'd Association,
And worthy Men, and Men worthy,
divided all the Nation.

VII.
Fools oft and Mad Men leave the less,
and chuse the greater Evil,
Thus for fear of *POPERY*,
run headlong to the Devil:
At last these Loyal Souls propose,
to ease their Sovereigns Cares,
If he'll sit down and first remove
their Jealousies and Fears.

VIII.
Just the Old trick and sham-Device,
of *Belzebub* their Sire,
If he'll fall down and Worship them,
they'll grant his hearts desire;
Nay, Lives and Fortunes then shall be
intirely all his own,
If he will fairly once disclaim
his Brother and a *Crown*.